

Lowkey Lyrics

"Soundtrack To The Struggle 2"

(feat. Noam Chomsky)

[Noam Chomsky:]
You're listening to Soundtrack to the Struggle 2 by Lowkey

[Lowkey:]
Thank you for joining us, Noam. In Optimism Over Despair, you say, "It seems to me unlikely that civilisation can survive really existing capitalism". Would you be able to explain that statement for us?

[Noam Chomsky:]
Really existing capitalism is what we can see described in the press day after day
We read that the major banks like, JPMorgan Chase, are increasing their investment in fossil fuels - including the most dangerous, like Canadian tar sands
And all of this is quite understandable on the assumption that the structure of our institutions is geared to maximising short-term profit and power, without regard to what might happen to the world in under *[?]* twenty or thirty years
But that's spoke capitally, well we can't survive that...

[Lowkey:]
Is it the economic system vs the ecosystem?
How are we gonna define deep when the seas have risen?
How can we define 'woke' when our sleep's commissioned?
Drowned out by Koch brothers bots, how can the people listen?
Can't detoxify as we watch the sky fade to grey
The source devoured corporate power killed the nation's state
Sophisticated murder defined as innovation
Corporations wine and dine just to mine the information
Eight men versus humanity, terrorists who
Your search engine knows your thought pattern better than you
In an environment resentful uprising is essential
The horizon is torrential, thinking silence will protect you
Subject to propaganda that terrifies the slumbered
We can jeopardise their cover if we energise the numbers
Collectivise or die, protect your mind or suffer
Life is paradise to some and a pair of dice to others

I saw horror in the eyes of a tired retired fireman
Knowing he couldn't help a child survive the frying pan
When we riot we disquiet the leviathan
Forget Iron Man I've got a iron lion's diaphragm
My salutations to those with imagination
Doom anticipated and that's no exaggeration
Your flag doesn't exist let me back up that statement
What happens to the nation if the Queen has a tax haven?
Pushing these buttons you don't need a brave heart
Frontex turned the Mediterranean to a graveyard
[?] will drive you crazy if you let it
Had a mother burying her newborn baby in the desert

What's commonsensical is sensible to question
What seems to be a lesson is intellectual repression
Rebel against the system that deprived you of a voice
Rebel against this hell while our survival's still a choice

The state committed suicide cannibalised itself
While the banks treat infictitious capitol like it's wealth
Your lurid lobby system means corruption is legalised
Privatised healthcare, elsewhere people die
Rebellion lives in all those that dream of a better way
Refused to be brainwashed with false visions of yesterday
Choose to afflict the comfortable and comfort the afflicted
So many choose the opposite, their spirit contradicted
Bring a child to the world where the future seems impossible
Five trillion dollars a year subsidising fossil fuels
The truth was in their eyes but you shrugged and just turned your back
I watched a family beg for help while their flat turned to ash
Apocalypse now, we saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren
We saw our future in that damn building
CEOs loving profit more than they love their grandchildren

[Noam Chomsky:]
Not to be concerned about the future, preferentially, you have to put yourself in the position of, say, Jamie Dimon - the CEO of the biggest bank, JPMorgan Chase. As CEO he has, essentially, two choices. One choice is to do exactly what he's doing - invest direct investments into the most profitable outcome, which happens to to be the most dangerous fossil fuels. You can do that but the other alternative he has is to resign and be replaced by somebody else who'll do the same thing. But this is an institutional problem; not an individual one

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ahmed"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
His young life was as delicate as the wing of a butterfly
And as fragile as a spider's web
For him we cry because when he dies we all do

Did Ahmed not deserve a life? Ahmed never hurt a fly
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Certain times Ahmed wished that he could be a bird and fly
Beyond the sky, escape the curse of birth that he was burdened by
Ahmed never grew to let your racism internalise
Water poured from every pore in his corpse while the nurses cried
Ahmed was a beautiful person like you or I
But are we?...
Ahmed could have been a doctor, lawyer or an engineer
Could have been a superstar but his life ended here
Guess he was a shooting star, burn bright and disappear
To some he seems to represent a menace in this hemisphere
Let me here make the very essence of this message clear
He was precious, many die like him every year
Ahmed was a victim of resentment and relentless fear
Now his soul surfs the waves, I wish we could have kept him here

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed's ancestors introduced to Europe Greek philosophy
Brought with them irrigation, mathematics and astronomy
Symbolically, irony of this horror isn't lost on me
Trying to get to Europe via Greece is where he's lost at sea
Ahmed not Achmed, it's Ahmed, he's that dead
Toddler lying lifeless on the beach with his back bent
Arms spread, reaching the direction that his dad went
If he made it here, would have been bullied for his accent
He was captured by the ocean, paralysed and frozen
While these parasites sat and typed, analysing clothing
Now for resources we all compete beyond the talk of war and peace
And talk of porous border there is corpses on the shore of Greece
They found a teddy next to where his body was found
The sea swallowed him, politics has swallowed him now
And those responsible, Ahmed's ghost will follow them now

To the family all we can say is we are sorry he drowned
Because...

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
They say let him drown, let him drown, let him drown, What have you done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No what have we become, don't let him drown
No, don't let him drown
And they say
Let him drown, let him drown, let him drown
What have we done, don't let him drown, don't let him drown
No, what have we become, don't let him drown
Please, don't let him drown

Ahmed could've been you, and Ahmed could've been me
We need to understand the policies that put him in the sea
We need to understand why it is the beach is full of dying kids
A colonial Metropole people want to reside in
If he did would he make it or fall to something that's deeper
End up like like Jimmy Mubenga or Khaled Abu Zarifa
A picture by Javier Bauluz on the beaches of Tarifa
Made me see, some would grieve more if Ahmed was a creature
With four legs, then they would consider him legitimate
Those like him braving barbed wire burning off their finger tips
Balfours alien act, that mentality still exists
Is privilege the difference between an ex-pat and an immigrant?
For Ama Sumani and Osman Rasul Mohamed, when you take others humanity, it's only yours that's stunted, not a swarm
They're our sisters and brothers, that's the sum of it
The cockroaches here are in the media and the government
Not the sea

[Lowkey & Mai Khalil:]
The sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds our secrets (holds our secrets)
The sea, the sea, the sea, it holds his soul (holds his soul)
They call him Ahmed

[Lowkey:]
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
Ahmed never knew the politicians he was murdered by
And they all laugh at him...

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Return Of Lowkey"

You could never top my fire in the booth
I don't need a label I'm signed to the truth
If you're a lion heart with the mind of a moose
Your circle can hurt you as tight as a noose

Bars artillery, harsher than killer bees
I'm a marksmen with beats, carving them into meat
I par mini mes laugh at them in the street
Wanna spar elite hard for you to compete
Not marketing dream, hearts in the middle east
Starving to eat, marger beyond belief
Where they martyr the meek, marching them into meet
With the arms of the beast where harvest them with the teeth
If you're unhappy when you come at me never miss
Make you run scatty, dumb scallywags are getting dissed
At trump rally with a gun carried in your fist
That's a punk patty and a chump chatty terrorist

The intellect
Still the sickeat on the internet
Didn't know will kill you slow like a cigarette
Out lying you outlined like a silhouette
Been a vet, that didn't pet, the illest and I'm still a threat

Personified, verse at a time, merk em
I heard all ya rhymes, I'm certain that I burn em
Emerged in my prime first to define to curtains
What's it german your ride hurting jurgen
Murder the mic klinsmann when I'm turning
Merciless fight klansmann when I'm verbing
Words that I write sting them when I'm bursting
Worst of my type champion night nurse em

016 did a sold out tour
Think you know my life I don't know about yours
I was blackballed then cause I spoke bout war,
They want me closed down but I spoke out more
Now the silence is broken the virus is frozen
Come to wash it away like the tide of the ocean
My pride is evolving size of a trojan horse on course to divide your emotion

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen

You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gengen

We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey
We want Lowkey

Say your sick I'm prophylactic
Say your old school I'm so jurassic
Flow glactic, gymnastic could hold a backflip
Keep you grounded like drones at gatwick
Behold a classic, your poker tactics
Are souless and hopeless, you nosey actors
My mode of practise is molten acid
Flows roams the globe control its axis

No foes in my lane, most of them are deranged
How you cope with pain, coke in up ya vein
They moulded your brain, culture killing the fame
They known of my name, spose it was gonna fade

Get the concept, a monster that's lost like lochness
Silly flows all my videos are a boxset
Obsessed with the nonsense tell me what's next
Another day I could run on stage like offset

From oxford to bangkok the jam pops off
Even amsterdam flow can pop clogs
Stand on hot rocks still mans not hot
Got genius bars like a laptop shop

I look into the eyes of my son
I see the moon shine and the rise of the sun
I showed you my thumb that's the size of your lung
I love you and everything you'll strive to become

Like godzilla
Kids think there sick but their not iller
Hop in the moshpit I'm toxic plot thickens
Hot spitter could'ntgive a toss if your watch ticking
Top of the roster eat monsters for hot dinner

Its the glitch in the matrix
Spit with the greatness
Flipping the script my existence is dangerous
I'm convincing the jaded
No stint with the majors
My fiscal still sick with no hits on the playlist

Miserable haters
Are thinking ages
Howto incriminate or intimidate him
But the ink in my name is
Sinked in the pages
Pimps of the game want my fingerprints faded

Its like tell me where the lyricisms gone?
Ridiculous how these kids are getting on
I don't even listen to their lyrics when its on
Delete the whole app in the middle in the song

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

If only everyland was wherever we stand,
And we never see the disehevelled rebels heads in the sand,
Devils with terrible plans metal that they clench in their hands
Ready to embelleze the Cheddar and cement of your fam
Settle the land, weapons and gangs intentionally scam to sever your every memory man
Its deadly and sad, they said to me let it be together we stand,
Defending these energies of heavenly lands

Guess who's back from the dead
Time to scramble your head with a random event
Like tupac turned up to your nans on a ped
Wearing vans with a bandana wrapped to his head
You might bang on the net but you ran from my pen
You grand stand I'm van dam I mangle these men
Jackie chan with the damn hands a phantom for them
Damp breddas with antennas get strangled again
Vanilla ice from the top floor dangling them
Or take it old school bring a sandal for them
And if you heard my bars though that was a send?
Then you better bring backwards my friend
I'm a vandal man handle your ankle and bend
Will you stand and defend or just scram for the fence
When the massacre ends I'll be back in the trench
Better practise your reps cause your knackered and stressed
Think your hot though, with your botched flow but your not bro
God knows you cannot blow cause you flop shows
Cockroach with a snot nose and a lost soul
A dead sound it could get found in the cotswold

Mic batterer, spine shatterer, rhyme patterner,
Define badder and might splatter a hype challenger
Malaga to Canada panic a sly manager

Rhyme slazenger like daggers slice amatuers
My status is titanic quite hazardous
High cameras try tracking us, lifes labyrinth
Rhymes raps to us like maths to pythagorus
My staminas high calibre, try catching up
I climb ladders to drop knowledge on top scholar
I'm not modest top dollars could'ntknock a rock solid
Gods honest truth in the booth I could stop sonic
Lockstock and two smoking barrrels in the box office
Rhymer and a ripper like kaiza with a clipper
Like tyson when he bit him been a pyscho since a nipper
Contemplating life like micheal in the mirror
3, 2, 1 the word cypher came from sifer

Go rounds with the pen, the sound of a vet
They rouse me I kill them again ga-gagengen
The album is next, its foul that you slept
But my mouth is weapon now again gagagengen
Dunno how they forget, these cowards are vexed
Pound the alphabet again ga ga gengen
You're out of your depth, bow the best
Put the crown on my head again ga-gaengen

Lowkey Lyrics

"Sunday Morning"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
When the children see them, they point and laugh
But they don't know
They don't know

She lost her son on a Sunday
Her memory's a bloodstain
The paper showed his young face
Who remembered his mum's name?
She sleeps with the blanket he was wrapped in as a child
He's not dead he's just napping for a while
She thinks backwards with a smile
On a clock, the hands stop
Can't accept all the plans
Lost sunny Sundays
Dancing to Vandross like:
I used to be such a bad bad boy
But I gave it up
When I fell in love (ooh)

Hold him close breathe the smell of his skin
Preserving every little thing
How can she ever begin
To move on?
Sunday mornings getting the groove on
His little hands wave, they *[?]*
She thinks he's coming in from school
Made his favourite dinner too
Sitting talking to an empty chair in the living room
Roams the street calling out things that no one listens to
Tried to treat her but
They thought solution was medicinal
No
And I don't think they'll ever comprehend it
Schizophrenic or a broken heart that can't be mended
Now she's sitting talking to herself
Where the bench is
Relatives wonder when she's coming to her senses

In her mind, he grew
Walked the passage to a man

They branded it as madness
Never planned to understand
She can't quite touch him
She imagines that she can
Holding the fabric to her face
Squeezing the blanket in her hand
Saying

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
I dance with you
I dance with you

The day they came and took away his son was a Sunday
But he only woke up to the news on the Monday
More times he knows the situation ends one way
But he looks up searching for some hope in the sunrays
A year passed, two years passed, three years passed
Finds it hard to get over the shadow that the fear casts
Four years passed, five years passed, six, seven, eight passed
Still lays a hand for him when they play cards
His bedroom as it was, doesn't dare to touch a thing
Hums himself to sleep with the songs his son would sing, like:
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone
Only darkness every day
Ain't no sunshine now he's gone
Only darkness every day

You might see him by the betting shop
Asking for a spare pound
His shoes are getting tattered
And he's losing all his hair now
Sees him in his dreams but
He doesn't know his whereabouts
Sees him in the mirror
'Cause there's nothing else he cares 'bout
Sees him in the crowd but
The truth is, he isn't there
Goes after him and chases but
Every time, he disappears
Cars pass him by
And passengers just sit and stare
Talking to himself in a cruel world that didn't care

Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah ya ya)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (hey)
I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (every Sunday morning, yeah)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya (ah oh)
Every Sunday morning, na ya ya

I dance with you (oh)
I dance with you (ah)

I don't think I can do this on my own (no no no)
I don't think I can do this on my own (oh)
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you
I need you
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
I don't think I can do this on my own
'Cause I need you (I need you)
I need you

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 1"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

So Karl Polanyi, who you quote in the book, writes, "There are two kinds of freedom: one good and the other bad." Among the latter, he listed, "The freedom to exploit one's fellows, the freedom to make inordinate gains without commensurable service to the community. The freedom to keep technological innovations from being used for public benefit. Or the freedom to profit from public calamities secretly engineered for private advantage. But," Polanyi continued, "the market economy under which these freedoms throes *[?]*, also produce freedoms we prize highly: freedoms of conscience; freedom of speech; freedom of meaning; freedom of association; freedom to choose one's own job. While we might cherish these freedoms for their own sake, and I'm sure many of us still do, they were, to a large extent, by-products of the same economy that was responsible for the evil freedoms. And yet, it seems, in this late stage of capitalism, that those evil freedoms have vanquished the other freedoms."

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Death Of Neoliberalism"

(feat. Greg Blackman)

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise
Cross the T's, dot the I's
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers
Can't cage the alternative that now exists
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

History favours the trail blazers
The taste for change is contagious
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours
Then when the rage cascades
These sadists claim that their blameless
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality
Until now politics, merely a practicality
They deify celebrity

What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it *[?]* no necessity
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died
Potential unrealised
Atomisation had us
Distant and deafened
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

We sing:
Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 2"

(feat. Karim Mussilhy)

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

[Excerpt from Grenfell Tower Inquiry]

[Karim Mussilhy:] Right now, right this second, this is how our families are being remembered. They're being remembered by a culture of neglect. Institutional inertia hiding behind a system that has failed
We want the truth, not bureaucracy. We want light to be shone on what went wrong and who is responsible
We do not want excuses, buck-passing, fancy technical arguments or any legal grey areas; we want an inquiry into the truth, the truth that people died because those in authority convinced themselves that they had done enough

[Mr. Richmond:] Karim, can I just - I have to be very careful here, and I don't mean to interrupt you, but some of what you're about to say is for the evidential hearings
I'm not going to stop you, I'm not going to stop you

[Mussilhy:] Sure, sure

[Mr. Richmond:] All right?

[Mussilhy:] I think, with all due respect, we've been censored enough. It's our time. Whether you like it or not, you will have to listen

[Someone in the audience:] Speak, brother!

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
The night our eyes changed
Rooms where, love was made and un-made in a flash of the night
Rooms where, memories drowned in fumes of poison
Rooms where, futures were planned and the imagination of children built castles in the sky
Rooms where, both the extraordinary and the mundane were lived
Become forever tortured graves of ash
Oh you political class, so serve out to corporate power

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

Words can not express
Please allow me to begin though
1:30am heard the shouting from my window
People crying in the street
Watchin' the burning of their kinfolk
Grenfell Tower, now historically a symbol
People reaching, from their windows
Screaming, for their lives
Pleading, with the cries
Tryna reason with the skies
Dale youth birthed champions
Comparison is clear though
That every single person in the building was a hero
So don't judge our tired eyes in these trying times
'Cause we be breathing in cyanide, the entire night
They say Yasin saw the fire and he ran inside
Who'd thought that would be the site where he and his family died
The street is like a graveyard, tombstones lurching over us
Those shouting out to their windows, now wish they never woke them up
Wouldn't hope your worst enemy to go in this position
Now it's flowers for the dead and printed posters for the missing, come home

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

I see trauma in the faces of all those that witnessed this
Innocence in the faces of all those on the missing list
See hopes unfulfilled
Ambitions never achieved
No I'm not the only one that sees the dead in my dreams
Strive for the bravery of Yasin, artistic gift of Khadija
Every person, a unique blessing to never be repeated
Strive for the loyalty of siblings that stayed behind with their parents
Pray that every loved one lost can somehow make an appearance
We are, calling like the last conversations with their dearest
Until we face, what they face we will never know what fear is
We are, calling for survivors rehoused in the best place
Not to be left sleeping in the West Way for 10 days
We're, calling for arrests made and debts paid
In true numbers known for the families that kept faith
We're, calling for safety in homes of love
They are immortalised forever, the only ghosts are us
I wonder

[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
Ghosts of Grenfell still calling for justice
Now hear 'em, now hear 'em scream
[Mai Khalil:]
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, or us?
Did they die, for us?
[Lowkey:]
This corporate manslaughter will haunt you
Now hear 'em scream

[Mai Khalil:]
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Olooli win arooh
Nas a'am tehtere'a fe sa'at sahoor
Ahess ennee be alam tanee
Ahess ennee be alam tanee

[Lowkey & Various Voices:]
To whom it may concern, at the Queen's royal borough of Kensington in Chelsea. Where is Yasin El-Wahabi? Where is his brother Mehdi? Where is his sister Nur Huda? Where is their mother and where is their father? Where is Nura Jamal and her husband Hashim? Where is their children, Yahya, Firdaus and Yaqoob? Where is Nadia Loureda? Where is Steve Power? Where is Dennis Murphy? Where is Marco Gottardi? Where is Gloria Trevisian? Where is Amal and her daughter Amaya? Where is Mohammed Neda? Where is Ali Yawar Jafari? Where is Khadija Saye? Where is Mary Mendy? Where is Mariem Elgwahry? Where is her mother Suhar?

Tell us, where is Rania Ibrahim and her two daughters? Where is Jessica Urbano Remierez? Where is Deborah Lamprell? Where is Mohammed Alhajali? Where is Nadia? Where is her husband Bassem? Where are her daughters, Mirna, Fatima, Zaina and their grandmother? Where is Zainab Dean and her son Jeremiah? Where is Ligaya Moore? Where is Sheila Smith? Where is Mohammednour Tuccu? Where is Tony Disson? Where is Maria Burton? Where is Fathaya Alsanousi? Where is her son Abu Feras and her daughter Esra Ibrahim? Where is Lucas James? Where is Farah Hamdan? Where is Omar Belkadi? Where is their daughter Leena? Where is Hamid Kani? Where is Esham Rahman? Where is Raymond Bernard? Where is Isaac Paulos? Where is Marjorie Vital? Where's her son Ernie? Where is Komru Miah? Where is his wife Razia? Where are their children Abdul Hanif, Abdul Hamid, Hosna? Where are Sakineh and Fatima Afraseiabi? Where is Berkti Haftom and her son Biruk?

Tells us, where is Stefan Anthony Mills? Where is Abdul Salam? Where is Khadija Khalloufi? Where is Karen Bernard? Where are these people? Where are these people? Where is Gary Maunders? Where is Rohima Ali? Where is her six year old daughter Maryam, her five year old daughter Hafizah and her three year old son Mohammed? God bless you all! Where are all these people?

Where are all these people?
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise
The blood is on your hands
There will be ashes on your graves
Like a Phoenix we will rise

Lowkey Lyrics

"Islamophobic Lullabies"

This is Jamal's song, name means beauty, are we this far gone?
Headlines associate kids with waterboarding and car bombs
Jamal's from same part of the world you got the guitar from
Still a wonderful world, sing it like Louis Armstrong
Any kid bullied, I made this to keep your heart strong
Colonisers names the same pavements that we march on
Please don't project the war on terror onto children
They are not suspects or combatants, you cannot kill them
Please don't project the war on terror onto Grenfell
State capture and de-regulation, it doesn't end well
Prevent spying on children, got them stepping on eggshells
Flash lies across the pages, Islamophobia and death cells
Psychological warriors, mess with the percentages
Innocent kids in school labelled grooming gangs and terrorists
Battle stereotypes like climbing over Everest
What we must question is how these ideas became so prevalent

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window
But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

You can tell Prevent stop spying on little kids
Tell the terrible tabloids stop tarnishing immigrants
And tell the think-thanks their role is insidious
And tell the nasty neocons stop funding this ignorance
Victims of this myth creation searching for inspiration
Hope this song can comfort you through the intimidation
Hope you beat those that smeared you through the courts of litigation
And hold your heads up high through these trials and tribulations
These morbid remorseless authors, pave the way for disorders
They murdered the Magna Carta, to hell with habeas corpus, rendition
Torture across borders, they tore up laws as they scorch them
Now they, pull up the drawbridge and tell you hordes are enormous
Only 0.18% of this country's refugees, won't regulate fossil fuelers or owners of SUVs
But they demonise heroes for braving the seven seas, 34,000 die trying to enter here, rest in peace
Moment of silence

The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
The rag-heads and Pakis are still worrying your dad
But your dad's favourite food is still curry or kebab
Oh, I know you're peering through the window

But they don't see you anymore
Don't lose yourself in what they think though
'Cause this has never been your war

A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
A cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone
Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
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Cucumber's not a bomber, terrorist's house is just a home
A free Palestine badge is harmless, you're a war on terror drone

Lowkey Lyrics

"GOAT Flow"

[Charlie Sloth:]
(Let's get ready to rumble)
Alright Lowkey man, we got Lowkey inside
It's time for that fire in the booth
This guy's gonna show you what time it is right now
He's gonna school you man
This is what you call a hip hop MC
Lowkey man, let's know what your about brother

[Lowkey:]
I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner
Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
Track smasher, fat packer
Catnapper, dapper rapper
Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers
Laugh at a troll, bars never slow
Master the art I'm marching them home
Darker than coal, carvin' a hole
Carcass garden, apart from the crows
Smarter than most
Target the ho's
As far as an artist you aren't gonna blow
Marketable, far from it bro
Bar for bar, Vietnam in the flow
They palmin' them all, calmin' and cool
No arsenal, I'm sizing 'em all
You're farcical, you're bars are my haul
Bar for bar you can't ever do
If you're writing is crap
Hide in your pad
This type of rap, this price is flat
My line of attack, it's Tyson with that
If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

I'm the mic breaker, life changer
Sight shaper, rhyme maker, fire flames facer
Fight fakers with a lightsaber
Show whipper, flow spitter
Tone dimmer, known sinner

Phone ringer, poem lyric
Cooker of his own dinner
Trend setter, bench pressin'
Fence sitting, bed wetters
Ten letters, send 'em on the end of a vendetta
Track smasher, fat packer
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Dash a pack, cameras with a nack at catchin' backstabbers
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If you try with a tie, I'm windin' it back

Kill them with the sick flow, drill 'em with the info bit *[?]* bye bye
Skippin' from the intro only wanna split flow, pity you keep with me why try
Kid's and kin folk busy with the single, really in with the zeitgeist
Ready with the impulse, hit him with the plimsoll sayin' if you criticize I
Sick as I was, switchin' 'em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Man like Lowkey in the building
Oi that's savage bro
Oi first time you come in and kill the alphabet
Now just to take the micky, you come in and kill it backwards (wow)
I feel like I've just been to university for 5 years
I love *[?]*
Sheesh

[Lowkey:]
Findin' this would come back and batter it like Kaepernick
Passionate without a tick, a man that lives his manuscript
Establish it, no glamour glitz
It's manic man, it's chappin' blitz

Fall victim to your eyes, like 21 savage did
Step right through, website due
Hit 'em with left right set white smooth
[?] with bed side blues
Killin' my city with the headline views
Red sky zoo, threat like doom
Visionin' left like ten times two
Wet try youts, test my shoes
Next round left that dead white yout
Tick tack toe, mix match flow
Hit back quick snap, kit kat blow
Spit my quotes, rep that show
Did that impact, lived that bro
Come back king, *[?]* ling
Lower the floor like pump action
That's my ting, and the thump action
My scolded soldier like his mum stepped in
Mercing's merchant merkin' the mic
Worst of the wise with the words I write
Hurdles the herds when the hurtle tides
[?] from lives, immersed in the hype
Pop and the people do not believe you
Watch where these monsters want to lead you
Nonsense they feed you rocks and needles
Monsters *[?]* doctor evil
You lackadaisical, tax tameful raps *[?]* fall back
Batter your bass with thoughts, snap your frame for dough
Back to change those facts
Man a capable, tracks available
Stat's are paid in full that's
That's the labels fault, rap your way to court
Platinum chain you boy snatched
Sick as I was, switchin' em off
Skip like Criss Cross, hit to the rock
Slip to the lot, kid to the rock
Flipped like a pissed off wizard of oz
Does radio though play me though, maybe bro
Flames we throw, need more C4 to make me blow
I'm back with the G.O.A.T flow

[Charlie Sloth:]
Oh my god, oh my god
[?]
I can't even believe what I just witnessed right there
Was that for real? That's recording innit? Is that live?
Oh my god
[?]
Come on man
'Nuff love brother
For the first time in 6 weeks on my show, I'm speechless

Lowkey Lyrics

"McDonald Trump"

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

700 billion a year to the fossil fuelers
750 billion a year to the rocket launchers
This monster's morbid mob is sordid more than what's reported
While this song's recorded, hope a hundred humans cross the borders
Words of MLK, greatest violence purveyor
See ourselves in the afflicted, the environment decayer
Do it for Puerto Rico and Ibrahim Abu Turaya
He'll get Ahed Tamimi while he's tweeting London's mayor
Harbingers of doom, they let the Trump committee galavant
Passport not accepted, it's a London City travel ban
Dystopian future like Amazon's camper vans
Merely an apprentice to the corporate gangster glamour gang

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

The red face can't contain the rage and hate inside ya
Aching in your pride but take a major nation, make it minor
Engage in nativism, now your state is just a paper tiger
Cover up your face with a solar panel made in China
A weapon of mass distraction in this twisted age of decadence
Government, big business, the relationship incestuous
Hope workers in your businesses unionize and shut you down
A million people march when you try to enter London Town
Do another speech to inspire the next militant
May your nightmares be haunted by vexed immigrants
Mother of all bombs, I hope that every death lives with him

Corporate revolving door from Bannon to Rex Tillerson

ExxonMobil are writing this Trump script
The Koch brothers are riding this Trump ship
Wall Street is writing this Trump script
Raytheon and Lockheed riding this Trump ship, shut him down

McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
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El pueblo unido jamás será vencido // shut him down
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
McDonald Trump, Mc-McDonald Trump
يا مجرم يا فاسد القدس تاج راسك // Shut him down!

It's a kakistocracy that acts illogically
Gangsters and bankers kidnap your policies
Grand hypocrisy, expand the poverty
This man's philosophy is rampant robbery
Left Puerto Rico abandoned and on its knees
Massive horror scenes, no plans for college teams
Onslaught wants more handguns on the street
To ban democracy and crash economies
Fake news in the flesh, great at using the press
Ruminate on who to hate when you accumulate debt
The food chain stretched from your goons that invest
Desecrate the state an unusual death
Wanna idolize sly guys who would you guess
Surprised hope they privatize his funeral next
Lucid effect on who you choose to elect
When expansion is limitless what future is left
The system was was fixed for him, sicker than Nixon
With Clinton, Winston and Kissinger mixed with him
The missiles are blistering, pistols on kids
And he spits on the immigrants, isn't it interesting
Donald Trump and his forked tongue, let 'em all come
The precedence never been a president that is more dumb
Slave to the bankers, slave to the gun lobby
There'll be permanent war, always demonize somebody
Families broke up, sanity closed shut
How can it be this man receives a salary to show up
Private jet nervous, disturb 'em with turbulence
Merging with mercenaries working to murder us
They're hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
We're ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them
Hurting the Earth and our urges to nurture it
Ruled by the worst of the worst of the worst of them

The Republican Party is the most dangerous organisation in human history

Lowkey Lyrics

"Children Of Diaspora"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Lowkey:]
Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..
I wonder what became of them, tell me what became of them..

Lost in this city of fog rarely seen by the sun
Just 'cause you're both but neither doesn't mean that you're none
Never captains of the ship but they mistook us for some
Passengers
Now we're stuck here singing soul music from diaspora
Your hosts can't relate to your sense of dislocation
The type of pain that cannot be contained in a dissertation
"Diaspora" the reason that the terrified are setting fires
"Diaspora" the reason they couldn't jeopardise Zephaniah
Considered as a compliment if our beauty is fetishized
Your history is power, that's the reason some are petrified
Colonial mimic, mascot crying behind a mask
Or a man with amnesia trying to find his past
Anthony Walker never had a weapon but they still got him
Stephen Lawrence never had a weapon but they still got him
Mark Duggan never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Zoha Hadeed was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Edward Said was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

[Lowkey:]

Since the middle passage either sink or you swim
Bleach the pigment of skin and pray its privilege trickling in
But are we missing the link?
Diasporas the reason MJ did to his nose what they did to the sphinx
And why Marley made the most classic of art
The reason Gabby Douglas didn't put her hand on her heart
The reason Malcolm Little changed his name to X
The reason the President's melanin remain a threat
Ahmed made a clock, they arrested him and mangled his name
But the root of the word is to thank and to praise
Racism manifests in many cancerous ways
We must rally for change in these most tragic of days
Cos Emmett Till didn't have a weapon, but they still got him
Tamir Rice never had a weapon but they still shot him
Alton Sterling never had a weapon but they still shot him
They call them first world diaspora problems

Don't you wonder what became of the children of diaspora?
Those that innovated in their ways and their vernacular
Those that saw their traces in the faces of the massacred
I wonder what became of them
Tell me what became of them
Nina Simone was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not
Frantz Fanon was a child of diaspora
So fear not, fear not

[Mai Khalil:]
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no
Pledge no allegiance to the flag, no, no, no, no, no, no

We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no
We never bow to the Queen, no, no, no, no, no, no

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 3"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

If we ask scientists to draw up a list of the top ten greatest scientists. Clearly, Newton, Aristotle, Einstein will be top of that list, I guess. Added to that will be people like Pythagoras, Galileo, Darwin and a few other familiar names. But I reckon, for most people in the West, that top ten will be entirely Europeans: either from Ancient Greece or from the time of the European renaissance and more recently. This evening what I want to talk about is a period in history that's, to a certain extent, been somewhat forgotten. Because I want to put the case for at least three other scientists who I think are worthy of being in that top ten list of greatest ever scientists

Lowkey Lyrics

"Heroes Of Human History"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Al-Khwarizmi estimated the circumference of the globe
At a time when Europe thought the earth was flat
And couldn't tell the time of day, the astrolabe paved the way
For the clock now I'm about to turn it back
Was the medicine of Ibn Sina perceived as backwards
When Oxford scholars deemed bathing a heathen practice?
History from Aristotle to Al-Kindi as we gather
Innovations of Ibn Haytham to da Vinci and the camera
Ask Roger Bacon, Galileo and Adelard of Bath
Ibn Shatir before Copernicus, century and a half
House of wisdom, books waiting gold, answers to conundrums
Cheng Ho sailed the sea before da Gama and Columbus
You are not who they say you are, you're blessed with a choice
Here since the 700's, look at King Arthur's *[?]* coins
You can do whatever it is that you wanna do
There's a crater named after Al-Ma'mun on the moon
So fly

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Civilisations build on each other, not each to their own
My question: If people are equal like the teeth of a comb
Were Jahiz, Mansa Musa, Malik Najashi; Abeed?
I didn't think so but it seems Shaabi, nasi what I need
Check yourself, check Raphael's depiction of Ibn Rushd
Think twice, study history, give it a different look
Curriculum's literally littered with pitfalls of ridicule
Fatima al-Fihri founded one of the oldest still-existing schools
It's deeper than some rhymes I'm providing for the listener
No surprise for a spitter, the word cypher came from ṣifr
Is the next Younis Mahmoud among four million orphaned babies?
What if Yusra Mardini wasn't able to swim to safety?
It could be Steve Jobs is starving under hisar
It would be Zaha Hadid just died in an infijar
Through your veins flow *[?]* Gilgamesh and Abu Nuwas
Your future's bigger than the pain of your present and your past
Just shine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

[Lowkey:]
Condemned as the wretched of the earth, we strive to be free
Fanon struggled for independence he wasn't alive to see
The countrification, alienation, souls left so scarred
Idarat altawahish decapitations on postcards
The occupier left behind all forms of stigma
Insidious settlement of the mind is more malignant
From the ashes of war, no phoenix, that human is lost
They learnt idarat altawahish from ensuing the cost
We learnt resistance from Morheeba Korshid and Lela Khaled Learnt about Jamal from Bu Azza, Abu Basha and Bouhired
If Abdelkader was reburied in Al-Jaza'er that's the
Proof return will come for the diaspora of the nakba
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine
Not the first or the last to break free from the guillotine
Yesterday Aljazair, tomorrow Philistine

[Mai Khalil:]
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?
Are you all all alone, only you in history?

Lowkey Lyrics

"Long Live Palestine 3"

(feat. Maverick Sabre, Frankie Boyle, Ken Loach, Chakabars, Khaled Siddiq & Mai Khalil)

[Frankie Boyle & Chakabars:]
As you prepare your breakfast, think of others
Do not forget to feed the pigeons
As you wage your wars, think of others
Do not forget those who fight for peace
As you pay your water bill, think of others, those who are nursed by clouds
As you return home, to your home, think of others
Do not forget the people of the camps
As you sleep and count the stars, think of others, those who have nowhere to sleep
As you liberate yourself with metaphors, think of others, those who have lost the right to speak
As you think of others far away, think of yourself and say "if only I were a candle in the night"

[Lowkey:]
This is for Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza
Palestine, Al-Quds, the capital Jerusalem
Unarmed people marching to the wall and they're shooting 'em
Suppression is a question, resistance is the answer
Long live Palestine, long live Gaza

[Maverick Sabre:]
All you see is war every time you turn your head at night
There's bloodshed on the floor, mother cries, who dies for her this time?
There's truth between these walls
See the lies between the lines they hide
Where's the bullet coming from? From the tyrant dressed in our disguise

[Khaled Siddiq:]
I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free
But you still know that I'mma ride until the end even if I get the push back for all my friends
Cah you know that I'm a fighter, let me see your lighter and we not gon' stop til Palestine is free

[Maverick Sabre:]
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?
Taught to not love, taught to be blind, taught to not care
Tell me what's real? Borderlines, military despair
How to exist if there's no ways to be human in fear
And if you take away our home
Where's the house supposed to live?

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Lowkey:]
If Ibrahim Abu Thuraya could resist without a wheelchair
10 year challenge, tell Regev we are still here
And tell that killer Netanyahu he should feel fear
The old live through us and guarantee the children will care
Criminal, not invincible and you know it
Samidoon, samidoon, still sitting in there stoic
May not feel us with you when you listen to our poems
You inspire humanity, your resistance is heroic
Regardless of talk, it is time we answer the call
Through your strength of spirit, you provide example for all
How to live, how to love when attacked from the clouds above
Loud and clear, the songs you sung can't be drowned by the sound of guns
Or just watch your tragic times through a satellite dish
The least that we can give you is an anthem like this
They panicked, tried to analyse and sanitise this
But we love you more than ever, still Palestine lives

[Mai Khalil & Lowkey:]
Free my people, long live Palestine
We will never let you go
Sing it with me now
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine
Free free Palestine, free free Palestine

[Maverick Sabre:]
No change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no
Run away your way, oh
All the hate you face, oh
Time to change this stadium
No change, no change, no

[Ken Loach:]
Continuing oppression of the Palestinian, encircling of the people of Gaza
Killing of civilians, the burning of bones, the daily oppression, the theft of land
The apartheid system in the West Bank where there are two road systems and I've been and I'm sure you have
And you see the... the Israeli road, you see like a spanking new highway just the settler cars going backwards

and forwards
Then you see the old Palestinian roads
And it clearly... it's people living under two sets of rules, an apartheid system
So all this is being uncovered and the boycotts, and divestment and sanctions campaign which I support and I'm sure many other people do as a peaceful protest against the Isreali oppression
To poor groups who've got to keep proclaiming the rights of the Palestinians are the right to return
The right to their... erm... the right to their homeland really
And... erm... and the theft of land, Israel is breaking international law, it is breaking the Geneva Conventions

Lowkey Lyrics

"Letter To The 1%"

(feat. Mai Khalil)

Talking in terms of power. Where the power is, who's shaping the condition of our lives, who determines the quality of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the kinda jobs we can have, the images we have to deal with and such.

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
This is my letter to the 1%
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to those that read bell hooks
Power to those that sell books
Power to those who know how the inside of a cell looks
All those feeling helpless, forgotten and discarded
Power to the strange fruit they thought was rotten in the garden
Power to those sitting alone, seeking solace in the calmness
Power to those feeling stained, know your tomorrow isn't tarnished
Power to those that sweep the streets with more knowledge than PhD's
Power to those that keep their keys, return this promise, please believe
Power to those that suffer in silence, those it hurts to hear
Power to those that hold their ground
Power to those that persevere
Power to those that love humanity more than they love style
Power to immigrants probably raising Donald Trump's child
Power to the blind who can't imagine what sight is
Those staring at the moon and all those working night-shifts
Power to the readers, the writers, the illiterate
Power to those that struggle to decolonise their syllabus
Power to the shy ones, always struggle to make friends
And the half of humanity worth less than eight men
Power to those that risked their life to dig the coltan from the ground
For the mic I'm spitting on and the phone you're holding now
Power to those that build the stadium they're playing in
Power to those that mowed the grass and stitched the ball that they're playing with
Power to every rapper that doesn't rap about killing
Power to the builders who built buildings that outlived them

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Power to the slaves of Ancient Greece that didn't have the right to vote
Democracy dead like Gary Webb, when they import it like its coke
Power to those write to prison
Power to those writing home
Power to those writing poems
Power to those that died alone

Power to Curtis Mayfield
Power to Ronald Isely
Power to the fishermen that were forced into piracy
Power to every person that is working in a library
Power to every nurse that we turn to in our times of need
Power to the unions and the mindless that should punish
Power to those that drive the busses and those that collect the rubbish
Power to the youth desiring the truth
Power to every rapper that is dying for a Fire in the Booth
For those that lost limbs to King Leopald's quota
And those risking their lives for the P&O to Dover
Power to union leaders murdered by...
Power to victims of this globalised cosa nostra
Power to those dying on the shores and the borders
Power to humanbeings that were rendered fauna and flora
Power to those that cleaned up after the stage show
And Carnival goers still haunted by Kelso Cochrane's ghost
Power to ... his picture taunts us ever after
So many questions never answered
Remember the last words of Abdul-Muhsin Al-Saadoun, "الأمة تنتظر الخدمة، الإنجليز لا يوافقون"
Power to Al-Jawahiri and his rebellions
They killed his brother Ja'far and he cursed the rotten Thamesians
Enlighten despots pursuing tactics Machiavellian
Chinese still preceded Europa millennium, think about it
Printed press half a millennium never get close
Power to Ken Loach and every volunteer in Lesbos
Cuban doctors sent to Sri Lanka for the tsunami
Power to those that cleaned up after the Bullingdon parties

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Kids knowing Apple products before they know what an apple is
Forgotten like passengers on the USS Indianapolis
Dying days, for they could see what little boy's damage did
On the precipice of fascism, while pacifist is cancerous
Power to those still strong enough to dream
Power to those that chose not to be a cog in the machine
Power to those that love first and hate never
Power to those that sleep on the streets through grey weather
Power to Aziz Ali and Bone Thugs-n-Harmony
Power to Norman Baker, David Kelly's, ulnar artery
Power to the genocided population of Tasmania
The internet descends to Trumptastic fantasia
Let them try quote this
You'll never find a better diagnosis than collective psychosis
It's getting quite hopeless but hope is all we have
Tryna cultivate the positive, not focus on the bad
But the globe's under attack
The obnoxious rage of a fake intellectual
Amazing grace in the age of the spectacle
Not the first time they found a racist electable
To raise to the pedestal

Then desecrate the place that translated the decimal
I don't wanna tempt fate
Power to corpse-washers like Salvador Allende
Power to language learners
From Bernie Sanders fans to flag-burners
One man's inertia is another man's purpose
In the utopia of song, we are victorious
But the bitter sweet reality is not this glorious
Power to Coltrane watching Malcolm X
Power to Paul Robeson under house-arrest
Power to Galileo under house-arrest
Power to Ibn Haytham under house-arrest
Forgive me if I sound obsessed
This is my letter to the 1%

If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
The redistribution of power
The redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
We want the redistribution of power
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth
We want the redistribution of power, the redistribution of power until your power is ours
Until your power is ours
If I can sing this song without you maybe all is well
If we can sing this song without you we don't need your wealth

Lowkey Lyrics

"Skit 4"

(Soundtrack To The Struggle 2)

July 4th, 2005, I joined the United States' military. I swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. I went through basic training, I went through technical school. At the end of my technical school I was brought into the drone programme even though they didn't tell me what it was. They said, "You're gonna go to Nevada and you'll find out when you get there." And so I showed up and they put us in a theatre no bigger than this and they showed a montage video of drone strikes *[*imitates gun fire*]*... played to heavy metal music. And at the end of the video, a sergeant came down the centre and he stood in front of us and he said, "Your job is to kill people and break things." And I thought to myself, "This isn't why I joined; I joined for very patriotic reasons, to get me education (it's not free in America) and impress a pretty girl

So I went to my commander and I was like, "Sir, I'm not sure I can do this job. I'm not sure I could ever pull the trigger on somebody."
And he was like, "YOU swore an oath to defend the constitution against all enemies, foreign and domestic. You WILL obey the lawful orders of those appointed over you. You will do your job."
And I was trapped. My father- my grandfather, actually, he's really my father figure. I didn't want to disappoint him; I wanted to be worth something. This is what all veterans want: they want to be worth something. They fight for a reason, they fight because they care. They don't want to look weak; they want to look strong. They want to fight for a noble cause, an honourable cause

And so I did it. I did it for five years and five days. I killed thirteen people - and this is how you make life cheap. You show someone you can end a life by the push of a button. When I was younger, war had no meaning to me; it was something of distant lands and it was something of history. And here it was very real. I was a gamer, I was an athlete.

Lowkey Lyrics

"Lords Of War"

(feat. Kaia)

Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war

The royal family sell guns
The royal family sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The government sell guns
The government sell bombs
That kill the world's poorest people
The sacrosanct march of industry
The sacrosanct march of industry
Does such strange things to people
The spectatorship of suffering
The spectatorship of suffering
Does oh such strange things to people

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?
Oh, Lord of war

She was eight years old, imagination alive
Cute as could be, you could see the gleam of mischief in her eye
Carrying her kite, trying find a place where it could it fly
Hovering not far she saw what was a spaceship in her mind
Too young to really understand exactly what the buzz meant
Bread and water everyday, other than that she's unfed
Pressure applied diplomatically to stop aid
Reality enforced by the air and naval blockade
Back to her, through her blood flows Qahtan
Ancient civilisation but its status has lost charm
She found a place to fly kite in the soft calm
Some will say that her life was god's palm
She heard her mother call, saw her brother fall
Didn't realise quick enough, stumbled from the sudden force
In a flicker and flash to the horror scene of death
This is what happens when technology meets flesh

Oh, Lord of war

How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

A caravan in Nevada, he sits twiddling a control pad
Taking down coordinates, scribbling in his notepad
When he sweats the headphones itch and irritate his eczma
Watching scenes on the screen as they enter through his retina
Sick of his life, his wife and this job cos it kills
Sick of his sick father and debt from his hospital bills
Childhood of computer games that learned him in murder
He wonders if he's better off serving up burgers
A part of him loved watching death from distance
But that feeling numbed away through monotonous repetition
Merely going through the motions, like the robot that he operates
Depersonalised murder, victimless violence for the modern age
His cold stare and tap of a button takes her only life
Instantly regrets but watches on as she slowly dies
Grotesquely interwined via the screen that he stared through
Her kite floats away but we will never know where to...

Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep?
Oh, Lord of war
How do you sleep at night?...
Intestines, shattered hopes and dreams adorn the floor
The face behind the screen has seen it all before
And the worst thing about is there's more in store
Just another sacrifice to the lords of war
Oh, Lord of war

The lord lives in the third dimension far from the theatre
But every now and again the whimpers of the carnage get nearer
Sometimes in his dreams he sees the harmed and disfigured
Like Dorian Gray can't see his moral scars in the mirror
Cognitive dissonance, suppresses his pangs of conscience
Rationalises it away, everybody has their monsters
But he is not everyone
He is a parasite of life and carries within him a selfish song never sung
Believes he loves his children, is he capable of love?
Lord of the machines that rain Satan from above
Will they justify what daddy did or hate him as they must
Realise their bread and butter left faceless faces in the dust
As the sights locked on her he loosened his suit and tie
As he sighs, balls of fire were shooting off to her right
As she died, he ordered a fruit juice with some ice
Her kite floats away, he admires the blueness of the sky... oh Lord of war...

Lowkey Lyrics

"Ghosts Of Grenfell 2"

(feat. Kaia)

[Lowkey:]
Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible
In such a sudden way

Black snow on a summer's night
Cold shoulders on a summer's day
Invisible violence becomes visible

Twelve months, no arrests made
The image in our heads stayed
Stressed faces pressed to windows, looking for an escape
Seems they underestimate this corner of the west way
Witnesses to the crime we fear a whitewash is the end game
Minister, what was your relationship with Mark Allen?
Been waiting twelve months for answers, still we can't have them
Windows to our soul witnessed anguish that you can't fathom
No disrespect intended, Troubled Water wasn't our anthem
Carnival on the soul of Kelso Cochrane
What do you think will develop, on the strength of those names?
Over seventy everyday people
No celebrities were left here, picking up pieces of broken memories
No more to big business, fiddling regulations
Grenfell Action Group, the most tragic of vindications
From sympathy of a nation, to most uncomfortable of issues
Our dearly departed please know we love you and we miss you

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you

[Lowkey:]
When invisible violence becomes visible, thinking is uncritical
Listen to some, thinking we're simple and dumb criminals
Hardened battered hearts, having laughed in a good while
But Stormzy at the Brit Awards made the neighbourhood smile
Out of your mind, if you think we're satisfied with platitudes
Questions for RBKC, Celotex and Sajid Javid too
As nihilism sets in and the breakdowns start
Slow creep of bureaucratic violence strains our hearts
Feeling like an empty vessel, staring at an empty vessel

Corporate hijack of regulations, very detrimental
Human life, the cost - how can we not be feeling sentimental?
Goosebumps cross your skin when you feel the breath of death against you
Bet you never went through that cursed night of haunted sounds
That wretched cladding falling down, since then death is all around
They say that every storm there is a dawn
Knocking on Heaven's door, we mourn forever more

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

[Lowkey:]
A place where the flames took everything that is sacred
We're planting seeds for trees we might not sit in the shade of
Combustible and still legal, regulations feel feeble
Never again, moment neoliberalism kills people
For innocence tarnished and beauty that was lost
Regulations disregarded, it's the human that's the cost
Hotels, hospitals and schools
How could we forget that
Up and down the country there's people sleeping in death traps

We're (calling)
For an end to the disdain
Better bow your heads in silence when we're mentioning their names
We are (calling)
For survivors rehoused in the best place
Still we demonstrate against bonfires of red tape
We're (calling)
For the companies and council held accountable
Climbing up the mountain though its height seems insurmountable
(Calling)
From the bottom of our lungs -
Truth, justice and peace for all of the lost ones

[Kaia:]
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear you
Calling, still hear them calling
Black snow was falling
From the corners of my mind, I hear the

The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise
The blood is on your hands, there'll be ashes on your grave
Like a phoenix, we will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

We will never give up
We will never give in
We will never give out
We will rise
We will rise

Lowkey Lyrics

"Neoliberalism Kills People"

How can I do a fire in the booth, when I'm trying just to maintain
And since June don't hear the word fire in the same way
Heard screams, splutters and them gasping for air
That’s not bars in a booth it’s so hard to compare
If I use fire as metaphor
Does that disrespect the people that are never more?
How does that bomb sound sound to those that bled in war that we never saw?
Remember when they settled scores with metal swords like Skeletor
Chinese made gun powder, Nobel invented dynamite
They say the guilt in his mind compelled him to design the prize
We know what Einstein's mind was like
How many geniuses we never knew that were deprived of life?
I can't philosophise on horrifying flames
We don’t have to apologise or qualify our pain
Degrenfellise our loved ones of the colonisers name
Should we let the corporate media lobotomise our brains
You are beautiful, no matter how this life disfigures you
You’re beautiful even if that image you emulate isn't you
I don’t know if history is linear or cyclical
But know I’m ridiculed for making invisibles visible
That's why Plato said banish poets from the republic
‘Cause they know that we can shake the social system and disrupt it
The land of liberty, they tell us leave it or lump it
When Trump comes to the country we hope he chokes on his crumpet
Before we sink in the ocean, consider this as an omen
Natures blessings aren't ours just ‘cause we think that we own them
Never think that you're broken, or think that you're no-one
Remember a rope is strong because of strings interwoven

Would they love you more if you mock the people that you're from
Self-orientalise and believe that you belong
Overcompensate and propagate the image of the imbecile
Not uninvolved though you're further from the killing field
Take solace in the fact there's always cracks in the monolith
Now we're practically lobbing bricks like Asterix and Obelix
Distracted with gossip it's twisted news an interlude to adverts no hidden truths to listen to it's pitiful
Rosa Luxemburg gave us this simple truth
You won't feel your chains till the day you begin to move
He photographed a corpse and they flung him in the cage
Those that signed off on the cladding are still receiving their wage
Helicopters hovered close, pictures for the front page
Tried to speak all I really felt deep was numb rage
How could they see this pain at such a young age
Leaning out the window, screaming for help but none came
If it bleeds it leads, trauma tourists they gravitate
Shock doctrine in effect, disaster capitalists salivate
Privitisation, deregulation and austerity

To zero hour contracts, exploitation and precarity
Adults didn't make it, children to be fostered
Saved pennies on the block, dropped 20 million on the opera
We see through your cold plans, your programme is done
We don't want a Prime Minister that holds hands with Trump
We don't want DJs doing shows on military compounds
Can't trivialise fire or hear any more bomb sounds
How can I smile when I know the remains are still not found
And echoing in my mind is exactly how the sobs sound

They say we're criminals for the syllables and stanzas
When they subsidise the killers tools, the pillagers and bankers
Who are the engines of history, people like me and you
Who got massacred for the right to vote at Peterloo
It was imagineers, the poets and the artists
The miners, Tolpuddle Martyrs, William Cuffay and the chartists
Rebel and resist even through something small
Create windows with words and mirrors where once were walls
Manure contributes to the beauty of a rose
Why can't we accept our pain as something that helps us grow
They wonder why songs that make you cry are more moving
‘Cause crying's the only thing that we were born doing
They tell us tea is tradition to the English
When I look around this island not a tea plantation in it
Earl Gray gave 20 million to the slave traders
Multi-polar world now the Indians are space raiders
Freedom to be even or merely alienate labour
Freedom for fossil fuellers to desecrate and invade nature
Albert was an immigrant, Prince Phillip is an immigrant
Were the Celts, Normans and the Anglo-Saxons English, then?
The words Sugar, Cotton and Rice come from Arabic
Now we import democracy to civilise the Saracens
Analysing planets when this back water was wilderness
It seems we're still obsessed with immortality like Gilgamesh
Pessimism of intellect, optimism of will
Wear the skin of their victims its syndrome buffalo bill
In times of permanent war there is always someone to kill
But when life and death are virtual almost nothing is real